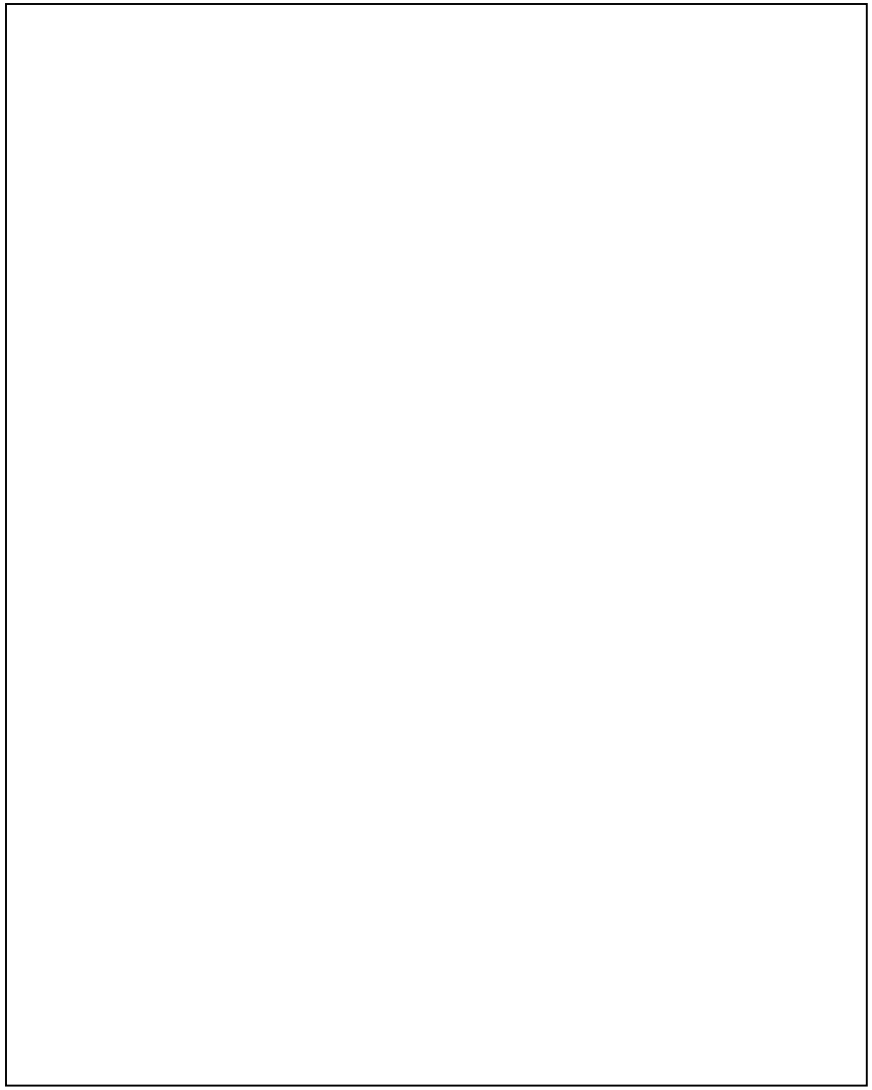
can you be porous enough to accept the void
or at least ready to tough the subject you avoid?

The Myth of Spongeyphus

Camus can't carry a candle to the cooky krusty kook and Nietzche is anything but peachy but believe me it's easy if ya leave it be.



draw u as the boulder! are u a spongey rock with eyes about to get smashed by a prickly prisoner? are u a pet rock who just wants to be held? a diamond formed under the weight? u can be anything u want in here.

but my brain's too smooth for them all to choose so i'll steer em here...

disclaimers:

mental health, drug use, self harm mention, general existential crisis.

additionally you'll notice i'm memin' up a storm and dipping into song lyrics, sometimes without direct quotes or with misattributed ones. most of this is taken from my journals and i thought maybe my voices could be friendly to someone or at least make them feel less bonkers. anyway so there's no profit to be made here and just understand my goal isn't necessarily creation – its recreation.

don't reinvent the boulder if yours is **rollin rollin rollin rollin - what!?** just fine. but i get it sometimes all the horsepower ya have goes limp and you're left a moveable object at the mercy of an unstoppable force. hopelessly trapped between your boulder and a hard place. you're already beginning to fade beyond the horizon of my little stacks of rubble that pile up with every tightening of my chest. all in all it was just another brick in the wall.

i am the siren's melodramatic intro

god gives you one rose yet you name it another. i call myself ariel cause of course transition story and i make things out of trash.

sea witches carry the best drugs and easy company but they always come with unintended consequences. every tentacle down leaves me gasping for air until i'm so deep down i've forgotten which way is up.

no wonder you can't hear me down here.

and so in lieu of her you got an arilieux and oh the places she'll go. she's got a mask for every occasion but ask a question point blank and sudden stage fright.

put the lid on that terror somehow or pandora won't know what to do with it. guess curiosity killed the cat and now i'm haunted by the ghosts of my past.

i am siren's calming voice to sing them back home.

the gang's all here...

Like a drink left at the bar
My spirit's wrecked on the rocks
In a blink, we'll drift afar
Tenets of the ticking clocks.

A bar of broken bottles
Fragments unspoken, I can't hold.
They have their chosen models
I'm not meant to fit in the mold.

Identity's a masquerade ball,
Each mask a story untold.
But rigidities betrayed all
Reach back before we blindfold.

Peeling off the labels,
Won't fit a shelf I don't belong.
Leaving all the fables
Don't quit yourself, it won't be long.

Chapter 1
Thus Spake Sissyphus

*When **Sisyphus** had **thus prophesied**, one of the people called out: "We have now heard enough of the boulder-dancer; it is time now for us to see him!"*

Michelangelo said the pizza's already in the dough, you just have to cut away at everything that isn't pizza.

i think that's what the Buddha meant about nirvana, though evidently Kurt saw none of himself in the marble.

Spongebob knew that first you must ***be*** the marble, and i think that makes him the wisest of all.

Sometimes ya gotta chisel away at the dark shadows of your mind so you can be free of the shackles that tether you to the dark and mundane.

well call me flava flav cause i've got the clock's arms around my throat like i'm public enemy #1 of my own mental state.

the best part about drugs is the time dilation. it was the only time i was free. more than just my reflection staring back at me from inside her terrarium, eyes wide like she's seen all.

i get locked in staring contests with myself with the fiery intensity of the eye of Sauron piercing daggers through the eyes of dr. t.j. Eckleburg.

oh to be noticed by anyone but my own contempt but the damage is done. the lorax is armed and ready to take back what's his cause i neglected my garden to build a wall instead instead.

You didn't follow your tarot so you drew the tower back to back. now you're locked inside, a princess with nothing but her hair. my sweetest downfall. i'll bring these pillars down Britney moment or not.

hey there Delilah what's it like in new York city? you're 1,000 miles away but i would walk 1,000 more just to be the tran who flew 2,000 miles to bust in through your door.

i'll jack one eagle from zeus and another from odin, cause i got 911 problems but living in terror is my number one.

Pass the chisel, mikey! Slough, slough, pass! Cause if ya gotta stare at your boulder all day it may as well look nice. pimp your boulder, just don't let it inhibit your exhibit.

"That's not a boulder! It's a rock!"

right, thanks for the correction, Spongebob.

Well you've made your rock, now roll in it. You've got pizzas to deliver to some very hungry turtles.

Camus can't carry a candle to the cooky krusty kook and Nietzche is anything but peachy but believe me it's easy if ya leave it be.

We're standing on the shoulders of giants and maybe eventually one generation will get to see over atlas's fail. No stopping 'til we're falling from grace cause after all 'tis better to rule in hell than to serve King Menos. there is nothing either good or bad but in the mind itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

god had to die so we could build ourselves up.

Our first instinct was to reconstruct him as some sort of Übermensch to pull us out of the Über trench and when that fails all you can do is laugh at how vain an attempt that was.

"firmly grasp it!"
(Star, Season 1.3a)

But to embrace failure – absurdly grasping for meaning – means knowing what that is and that means knowing yourself and if you're not striving for something then are you even pushing the boulder?

Maybe wei wu wei ("doing not-doing") is about pushing it so effortlessly you don't even realize you're pushing it? Because then it's you who's rolling. There is no spoon and you **are** the simulation. Why separate ourselves from our struggle (life) anyway? Cold, hunger, sadness?
Once we stop feeling the struggle it means the boulder's buried us (though 'ol Sisy probably prays for that sweet release but that's his cross to bear).

Maybe the point is to be grateful you're here to make your casket instead of lie in it.

"Wu wei how do we reach the top of the hill Taoist riiiiiiiiick???"
"buuuUrrRrp by realizing you're already up there, mr. poopy but whole."

Unfortunately it's often hard to see where you are cause there's a giant **"YOU ARE HERE"** sign pointing at you, which tends to muddy the landscape a bit.

If you wanna see the kindling, sometimes you have to snuff the flames out first. The more floodlights we point at something the less clear it will become.

If you dam a river with your boulder you're like guaranteeing an eventual flood as the pressures build and I'm afraid it won't plug a volcano for long and will only result in a worse explosion.

The tallest tree doesn't nourish the forest, nor the largest boulder shelter the whole pride.

sometimes after a big rain the mud takes a while to settle but you know it'll clear right? The murky pond will subside and you'll get to see the fishies again.

Now go stim with your fidget boulder, faggot.

Chapter 2
Back to Monkey's Paw

careful what you wish for cause anything that can fail will. build a highway next to walden pond and bomber boy Thoreau is known to get marginally less hip. Woodstock take stock this shit's back to basics.

I'm noticing that prophets and scholars were just some guys who noticed the current ways of doing things were incompatible with happiness.

Lao Tsu saw the beginnings of institutions and said no go back! i said flow like river not dam it, damn you!

Buddha noticed that excess was unsustainable and gave it all up.

Muhammad united warring clans.

Above all, they were community builders who stood against the individualism the eternal 1% has leveraged against us since the beginning.

They remind me that this fight is so much bigger than a single generation (they also remind me that institutions co-opting counterculture as soon as it hits the mainstream has been going on since there was a stream to main).

Basically, we've been saying "back to monkey" since we were monkeys and we'll never stop ooh ooh ah'in til we're all ooh ooh all in. It gives me hope actually.

If we put enough of our heads together can we, too, cheat death? It's easier to see Sisyphus happy if he's grinning out of spite, knowing for even a moment he flipped the script on the gods and made us mortals immortal.

Do you suppose he deliberated at all on his decision or was it just guesswork? Socrates is very bored.

It was enough to get the gods shaking in their boots enough to punish him in the first place. **deny, delay, depose Thanatos.**

Kinda like how Lao was all like hey just do what needs doin and fuck off – and then did exactly that!

"the struggle itself towards the heights is enough to fill a tran's heart. One must imagine Deadpool happy."
– Connie Sgarbossa

I think the lesson here is that the wheels might keep turning but we can content ourselves knowing we threw our wrench in the gears and made it a little easier for the next guy and that's a worthwhile endeavor.

Strike one of us down and we shall become more powerful than you can possibly imagine. I'm learning that wisdom is working within your limits while you can and knowing when it's time to fade into a memory – a ghost to remind the living what they're fighting for.

Just how much grit do you have when the world grinds you into a snortable powder? You can have as much constitution as a rat in a Nicholas Cage who can't manage his mischief but would you still love you if you were a Wormtail?

The world can't be contained by any maps – have you been reading!?

well stop cause it sure won't be contained here either there's not a single picture **anywhere**!

"And you sat Sisyphus, on your rock," sang Ovid. Not delivering pizzas, that's for sure! Nay, he had his eyes cast back on love.

But every song you sing is another crack of the monkey's paw and every question you ask is met with riddles.

What runs on 4 legs in the morning, smokes 2 joints in the afternoon, and has an eye but cannot see?

I dunno but can joe camel sprint through the eye of a needle? Easier than any fuck in a castle to smell like teen spirit, that's for sure.

Can you sew up your seams with the string of fate?

How much of your destiny manifests beneath the surface of the water?

If the iceberg of your personalities sunk Charon's boat could you replace enough parts to fashion it into a life raft or would death's scent forever linger?

If you reinvent yourself enough times could you emerge as any other phoenix? Call a black rose whatever you'd like but it'd still reek of the River Styx.

If there's a part of me that remains mortal it's the part of me that cares what mortals think – they love me, they love me not, ripping my hair out one by one but the pressure keeps increasing inside my head.

I've shapeshifted so long I don't even know where I started but low key I've grown addicted to the chaos.

Too late to put a lid on the box, banished from the garden before it took bloom.

Like Promethius I'd rather be a good liver than have one. Let the eagle perch on my rib, I'll light a fire under anyone who hesitates.

Cast shadows on the back walls to alert the others cause we can't do it without help.

Socrates would down another shot of hemlock if he knew I legit couldn't remember anything unless i **write this down** take another note to remind myself in case i didn't know that i love me and i don't want me to go. write this down.

Are these writings an extension of my mind or part of my soul I leave behind – the crux of a whore who fears she'll disintegrate into a pillar of salt if she looks back for just a second?

Chapter 3
life's a drag of a cigarette but moonshine on you perty diamond

sisyphus, atlas, the thinking man. we don't historically have a good time with boulders, pioneers my ass. ***got*** *driven by them for miles is more like. do ya suppose jesus has to move that damn boulder every easter? its bad enough we won't ever let him live the whole crucifix thing down.*

I'm not here to entertain you but the show must go on.
What's my line again?

Dodging the spotlight like an ant escaping a child's wrath.
Juggling demands balanced on a tightrope but please, you do the math.

I didn't agree to this dance, you just took me by the hand. Dip me just to spit me out like a guilty habit staining your teeth.

Oh that this tightrope were a noose it'd be less effort to hang.

Throw the script at me when I lose the plot.
My whole life a blooper, cut me from my own part.

Got whiplash from the vaudeville hook
but I'll be back I can't be shook.

Curtains fall like dust to dust over a grave
that's flattened by the highway you were so eager to pave.

Dead as the flowers you threw on stage.
Out of reach as the bars decorating my cage.

Tap dancing the click clack of the tick tock clock,
every slip up I skid skritch scratchin the floor.

I'm more nails on a chalkboard than the scrubba dub of a record.
My head swirls and twirls but I'll give it a stab
like finding hay in a needlestack or slip 'n slidin into my scabbard.

Sometimes ya gotta break the boulder up into snort-size portions to give your life just a little more ketameaning. No more racing thoughts, no more clenched muscles. I've done it folks, I'm one with the boulder!

I wonder if I ever actually exist. I'm not an active participant led by leashes passenger seats. Sometimes I think I catch myself coming up for air but it terrifies me. I get tingles emanating from my chest outward like shockwaves.

It worries me that I'm this scared to live. Don't need a gun if I have enough sand to bury my head in.

in truth I never know what's going on, I'm just desperately looking for cues from anyone who looks like they might look like they know what they're doing but then I'm the one frozen still looking around at everyone else.

I feel a lot like an algorithm with no operating system.
If: unliked
Then: be different person

I don't even know what I'm writing half the time. Whatever thought seems most interesting? Comes up first? Loudest? Most often? **i can't write everything at once!!!!**

I am jean's gut biome, pls feed me.
I'm an ecosystem, let me grow!

Am I where I left me? Fears of being in the wrong place. Fucking breath.

I say the wrong thought in person a lot I think. Maybe it's in my head. What exactly is conversation? Saying words and gauging a response? Repeat?
But I can be nothing but nice – or just quiet in my own little world – and get my face shoved in pissssssssss like an incontinent dog, evidently having egregiously fucked up.

Are we all just repeating patterns we've learned? **They're all different**! Ya know I didn't agree to this whole language thing. Its not real.

Fuck me, the one who's in control while I'm backseat driving is just my autonomic nervous system. She's friendly enough, I reckon.

My body is soft. Let her help.
i am ariel's cautious nervous system, ready to take control. u dont even have to say a word...

I'm deeply afraid of having a body – of existing. I feel my stomach churn just at the idea.

fumbling with the buttons of her eyes cause i can't hold em in mine…

The performance of existence necessarily nudges other existences to the side, much like in order for a plant to grow it's gotta displace a little dirt.

The issue is already deep in the soil. As soon as I reach my roots down, they're met by others with their own needs and expectations. Roots like tentacles blindly reaching for warmth.

At times when I've grown in directions, other wriggling appendages push me in another. I'm never given compelling reasons – I just learn to take other routes, all while likely still tethered in some way to the one I'm still on cause ya know I gotta take care of nutrience and such somewhere.

Arilow's hierarchy of needs and such. The fun thing is – you guessed it – it keeps rolling back down to the bottom. Constant chaos builds character. Keeps us humble. How Maslow can ya go?

Eventually I pull my roots in, crossed arms in discontent. If I can't be myself I simply won't be. **Roots shrivel up; hands clasped together they only pass back and forth the same waning warmth.**

I fear reaching back into the earth – our collective soil – when all I have are the memories reminding me what not to do.

But even after untethering from one collective disillusion or another, they continue echoing throughout the cave walls of my cochlea, a constant recall of what lie outside.

But time and time I must be hurting others. Neglecting their reaching hands for fear they might suffocate me. i only hope no one struggles with abandonment on my account. That hurts me more than abandoning myself.

Suppose they're lying fetal position atop their own gardens trying to remember a time when they were innocent? Because we're all born innocent (that ain't what they taught in my church) til some magical moment we're convinced we're evil. Ugly even.

But all that coming from flowers who convinced themselves growing in neat little rows was the way to go. because the appearance of efficiency was valued over actual harmony.

I guess I'm realizing that my issues with communication are like I'm trying to predict what they're gonna respond as if every theoretical thought a person has resonates in my head like an unfiltered Jean Grey before I speak so I wind up second-guessing my dialogue mid transaction like the writers for Lost or something except then i just **become** the deserted island.

I basically have one of those choose your own adventure books my brain frantically flips through to satisfy the verbal ritual. Tiny spongeyphus' throwing open filing cabinets but we can't even remember our name.

It's as if everything she knows is wine, whining, and breathing!

weed is a necessity since it blunts that process. my mind gets to spinning and it gets overwhelming til i gas its chambers to knock em out for a spell.

The problem is then I'm too high to communicate effectively but its at least better than it was drowning in a sea of consciousnesses (and by opposing, end them?).

I'd sure rather be a little dumb and oversedated than be alcohollerin about some shit i won't even remember in the morning.

with stimmies i'm runnin too fast for the demons to catch me. run forest run! my personality is a box of chocolates sometimes and i'm learning that's what keeps things spicy. i am arilieux's tense calves let's do something else.

i made the mistake of mixing a heroic shroom dose with acid, ketamine, and alcy and lemme tell ya… i've never been angrier with god than when i stood face to face with it and challenged it to a fist fight. i am Pandora's complete lack of fear.

of gods at least. still haven't figured out how to put the lid all the way back on my cranium. it's for ur own good we keep quiet.

i feared monsters under the bed, in closets, you name it for waaaaayyyyyy longer than it was cool and more recently than i'm willing to admit to myself. i'd play out detailed battle sequences. i'd have to fight them anytime i was left alone.

Surely we can achieve sanity through interpretive dance.

i still see their silhouettes sometimes. a grim shadowy figure reaching out to me. i don't know what it wants but it fills me with dread like a grim reaper beckoning for my soul.

i know its just my imagination but the tightness in my chest like clutching hands around my heart feels real. It comes around less overtime. Now it's usually more of a general void.

Powerlessness.

numb like the reaper already harvested my soul and i'm the zombie husk leftover. If I could feel anything in those moments it'd be shame for holding onto little kid fears.

but if i'm being for realsies, the demons are just my brain **spazzin out!** and super me was my way of using fantasy as an analogue for security? i am siren's growing sense of bravery.

I'm grateful for the strength i had in whatever form it may have taken. we kept us safe.

i'm also learning to embrace my shadow – the me I'm ashamed to admit I am cause she's all the parts of me i buried deep.

fml if the day i unhood my reaper its her eyes gleaming innocently at me. i hope she knows i love her and we made it! guess it's up to me to sew her feet back to mine.

lately she only escapes in the night to foam at the mouth at the people i care about demanding an answer for why they put her there. but they didn't put her there. maybe people have in the past but we make good choices now. i am jean's communion wafer with society.

Chapter 4
stop

maybe life is more legos and sandcastles than concrete structures and we've just moved too far from the original canon. Ya gotta take time to frolic through all the flowers and for uranium bombs – hey gtfo ted! there's no permanence in nose picking, sharing gum, and sand licking and that's what makes those activities joyous above all.

the myriad things not to do at this junction could keep me up all night but by time i've drafted my response you've already moved on.

i either floor it too hard and find myself on the other side of boundaries i didn't intend to be on or sit idle, motionless. "big toe, spongeyphus!"

thanks, pat. it helps to have a copilot sometimes. just pick anyone but jesus for godsake or he'll sew you back into the ground. call upon the divine and don't be surprised when you join their realm.

they hate us cause they ain't us.

just like brad pitt spit in his lick lickity split for the trojans delivering them the protection they trust: "the gods envy us because we're mortal, because any moment may be our last. everything is more beautiful because we are doomed."

Sigh... i am jean's inflamed sense of acceptance.

do you suppose death ever wants to die? i tried looking it up and i'm assured help is available.

i am jean's relaxing heartbeat. lub dub dub beat the rhythm of the 'tism. melodic robotic chaos is but a part of life, the tendency toward entropy that keeps shit moving so we don't rot like our gods upward of 6 feet up.

how long can we abide babbling 'bout the babbling brook bleak from their ivory towers before they split us up for truancy?

there's a reason the gods have to reach the heavens first and it's to build a wall to keep us on our side.

the tower of icharus wasn't a story about hubris it was ye ol HOA complaint. what's that? the eagle hit the second tower? and the colosseum too? oblige our glorious gladiators their grand sacrifice!

well good riddance hope you have the time of your life. even if you're only king for a day you're still gonna need a prosthetic head when we're through.

maybe the gods are the demons in my brain. i was told the shrooms would kill them but they just gave them caps to sit upon. now the caterpillar's got all the time in my head to smoke up our brainstem and spin riddles, this hotboxed clown car of a skull about to blow the smoke is so thick, crackling like a constant static always muttering nonsense like a bridgekeeper who shall not let me pass.

i pray to the gods resting in the heavens upon my shoulders that the bridge lady doesn't ask my name

even amidst the haze the feral beast might still be invisible to me she hides so well but her maniacal howls like a prepared hyena loyal to the OG jugallette echo through my dome.

she runs out the door at the most inopportune moments and i'm stuck chasing her panicy ass down. She's not bad, she's just my stressire cat.

to flee or not to flee, should we even be asking? 'ol man sisy couldn't even escape the mountain of troubles but it'll make no difference whether he's draggin his knuckles or bringin it around town with bubbles.

above ground, below it – either way you make the choice whether or not to be #1. so brush off the dust you were too nervous to disturb and wear your many hats with pride.

because why would i remove parts of myself when dammit they're what got me the hat! maybe if we were patient the smoke would clear on its own and it turns out we've been fanning the flames this whole time but just couldn't see through.

in a panic jean kicked up billows of dust while we chased after. maybe we don't need that michelangelobotomy after all if we could just learn to cut up our pizza evenly or not at all.

i am the hero with 1,000 masks who won't be silenced, won't be stopped.

we are the best of both worlds i keep hearing so damn right we can have our pie and eat it too.

nooooo it's for the customer!

we should treat ourselves more like customers. gas yourself first and all that. then maybe it'd be easier to be the friend who does stuff together anywhere and anytime at all down here in the deep blue me,

i am ariel's powerful voice remembering what it felt like to feel her own diaphragm pulling in and out like the oars of a life boat pulling us out of our conch.

~~~~~~ "i don't think so"

little by little at least
~~~~~~

this is arielieuxdorasiren's blank page required to keep the page count multiples of 4.

emptiness is nothing to be ashamed of.
tho the glass makes up ur bong
it's the empty space inside that lets u rip

Is This a Joke?

all my life people have been telling me getting information out of me is like "pulling teeth" or that i'm never serious. no one believed me when i came out until my tits started poppin.

i'm just a silly goose. it wasn't until recently i met people who actually listened and told me i talk in metaphors because i'm too hurt to handle my big emotions head on. if only we could all be more patient with each other maybe the people in my life now wouldn't **need** to be so patient with me.

can we wait patiently for the soap suds to settle to give us a firmer grasp on our boulder? or in struggling to understand it will we squeeze it farther down the mountain, having to make split-second decisions whether to try and nudge it out of people's ways or just let nature take its course and pay for our dilemmas later?

this is equal parts philosophy and mania. from the diaries of someone(s) who rolled that pile of dung around too long and needed to polish it a bit.

do i see any clearer?

no but i like my reflection in it more.